

LADY KITTY'S MARRIAGE.

By A. G. P. Stokes.

"But I detest the men of the present day," she said rebelliously. "There is no romance about them. You have often said so yourself."

"That is not the way to look at it," the countess persisted quietly. "There are certain things in the world that must be faced. Marriage is one of them. And you are twenty-two to-day, darling."

"I am very, very happy as I am. Why must I marry someone who laughs at every expression of true feeling and scorns the idea of showing a girl that he would go through fire and water for her? Look at my grandfather. Didn't he ride ten miles to church every Sunday, wet or dry, just to see the girl he afterward married? And he was not allowed to speak to her then. Who is there who would ride or walk a mile in the rain to see me? Not one."

"I believe Rupert Halliday would if you would let him."

"Rupert? He's a dear—in one way. Always ready to take me out, and to do ordinary things that a man in society must do. But he doesn't understand the very A, B, C of love," Lady Kitty said scornfully. "And I want to be loved, mother—just for myself."

"Plenty of men have told you that they do."

"In a sort of *peur passer le temps* way, that is all."

The countess took a photograph from the little table at her side and looked at it critically. It showed a girl with a delicate face full of thought.

"You have often told me how happy Muriel is. She has found romance apparently." Lady Kitty glanced at the photograph and sighed.

"Yes. But it was a hard struggle for her. She made the best of things because she wanted to marry Godfrey. They had hardly any money at first and lived in a horrid furnished flat. She worked hard all day; they had a friend to live with them, and she never had a new dress for two years."

"Would you like that?" the countess asked gently. Her daughter got up and walked to the window.

"I don't believe it is in me," she said, in a low voice. "But Muriel is quite happy. They are much better off now, and Godfrey worships her."

"Shall you be in to lunch to-day, dear?"

"No; I am going to take the Erasmus in the motor to Harrow. It's Wilfred's birthday, and he is to have a tea party."

"You won't run any risks?"

"We'll follow a van, if you like," laughed Lady Kitty, as she ran out of the room.

The countess sat thinking for some time. Then she went to the hall and telephoned to Mr. Halliday.

"Can you come to lunch?"

"Thanks; I shall be delighted. Is Lady Kitty in? She ought to see the chrysanthemum show—it's splendid."

"She is motoring. I want to see you particularly."

"I will be with you in half an hour."

Over the fire in the library, after lunch, Rupert Halliday asked the question that had been worrying him for some time.

"You said you wished to see me, Lady Eversley. Can I do anything?"

"I want to speak to you about Kitty," the countess said, looking him full in the eyes. Halliday flushed but bore the look without flinching.

"I think you know what my feelings are for her, but somehow she never lets me tell her so. We are excellent friends—but we get no further."

"You do not, perhaps, take her in the right way. Let me tell you our conversation this morning." The countess did so, and the Hon. Rupert Halliday listened.

"I am ready to do anything," he declared when she had ended. "In my opinion Lady Kitty is quite right. Life nowadays is too much like one of these musical comedies. Everyone plays the fool, as it were. You know quite well, Lady Eversley, that if I were to take a box to see Forbes Robertson in Hamlet, or the piece at the Gaiety, that nine girls out of ten would prefer the latter."

"Kitty among them?"

"She would go with the crowd."

"And wish all the time she had been the tenth?"

"Very likely, but what can one do?"

"Stop taking too much for granted."

"My uncle, the admiral, has left me, twelve thousand pounds, every penny of which will be settled on my wife."

"You must use your own discretion, Rupert. If I did not thoroughly trust you, and believe you would be a good husband to Kitty I would not have spoken to you to-day, but your father and I were very dear friends, and I do trust you."

"I shall not fail you," he said quietly. "Tell me what you think of this idea." He smoked hard for a few minutes. "Mind you, Lady Eversley, it's not quite on the square, but if you will give your sanction, I'll carry it through. All's fair in love and war, you know."

Lady Eversley heard him pa-

gently "It seems rather risky," she remarked.

"It's playing a game, and I have the best cards. Desperate ill require desperate remedies, you see and I, Lady Eversley, am staking my life's happiness on this. You may trust me to take care of Lady Kitty."

The countess sighed. "I leave it to you, Rupert, and on my side you may rely on my innocence."

"If I am successful in winning Kitty for my wife, and Lady Eversley for my mother-in-law," he said with gentle courtesy, "my ambition will be satisfied."

Lady Kitty read the daily Outery each morning at breakfast. It cost a half penny and gave plenty of news in a condensed and sensational manner. The "Agony" column was a prominent feature and although matrimonial advertisements were not admitted, there was frequently a strong resemblance to one. On this particular morning her attention was caught by the following pathetic demand:

"Correspondence desired with a lady who believes, with the advertiser, that everyone has a twin soul, and that complete happiness can only be attained when they come in contact with each other. A brief intercourse will soon decide. Strictest confidence on both sides to be maintained—Address 'Sympathy,' Post-office, Dorley-on-the-Hill, West-shire."

Lady Kitty read the advertisement several times. At first she wondered if the Daily Outery had taken leave of his senses.

"The editor must have been dining out," she said to herself.

There was a letter from Halliday asking her if she would go to a lecture that afternoon, given by a friend of his. The subject was "Mind versus Matter." "It only lasts an hour, and we can motor afterwards, if you like."

"Rupert is surely getting serious! As if I should understand a lecture." She wrote an affirmative, however, and then, "just for fun," began a reply to the advertisement. After a few attempts she read one that satisfied her.

"Dear Sir—I am rather touched by your appeal in the Daily Outery, for I myself have often felt the want of sympathy in people one meets in ordinary society. There is too little romance, I think, and too much sham and frivolity. One is ashamed to express one's real feeling for fear of encountering derision. Should you care to answer this letter, explaining your views still further, please write to 'X,' Charing Cross Postoffice, London, W."

Halliday found Kitty rather pre-occupied for the next few days. She excused herself seeing him on several occasions and volunteered no explanation. The countess was a busy woman, presiding over several clubs and philanthropic institutions. Her name was eagerly sought as patroness of bazaars and various charities, and as she seldom refused, and gave handsome donations, her time was well taken up.

Four days after she had posted her letter, Kitty received the following reply:

"Dear Miss K—I cannot tell you how glad I was to read your letter. There were other answers to my advertisement, but something about your writing compelled me to answer your letter first. I feel sure that there is a sympathetic chord between us and correspondence will decide the question. A few personal details are necessary, and I will mention that I was stroke of the Oxford boat when you, doubtless, were wear-pinafores, playing with a kitten, and snubbing little boys who presumed to pay you attention. My age is 30 odd. I ride eleven stone, and am about six feet in height."

"The reason I have acted in this erratic way is because girls of the present day—as well as men—affect to despise all true romance, as you say. I begin to despair of finding someone who was really sympathetic. Will you tell me more about yourself? Are you fond of reading? Who are your favorite authors? Has good music any attraction for you? Do you hate the country? Do you prefer motors to horses?"

"Please forgive all these questions."

"Yours very faithfully,
"Sympathy."

Kitty was very much interested in this letter, and she answered it the next day. By the end of a month matters had so far progressed that Kitty decided to accept a week-end invitation from some friends at Pullborough, which happened to be a few miles from Dorley-on-the-Hill. On Sunday afternoon she was to cycle to the little church, and, after services, cross over the bridge that spanned the stream at the end of the village. There she was to look out for a gentleman, wearing a gray tweed suit. He would have a little silver-gray Yorkshire terrier with him. Kitty felt very guilty when she said good-by to her mother, and promised to telegraph, directly she arrived.

"I wish Rupert Halliday could take you down, dear. I don't like your traveling alone. But he is going away himself, I believe."

Markham is a perfect dragon, you know, and I always have her in the carriage with me. She is better to talk to than strangers, so I shall be quite safe," Lady Kitty said brightly.

Her friends met her at the station and drove her home. They were very charming people who never asked questions, and allowed their visitors to do as they liked. When, therefore, Kitty declined to join a motoring party on Sunday to investi-

gate the old monastery that was haunted by a weeping man, and declared she intended to go to church, no one interfered. Somehow, she rather wished that her plan had not worked so smoothly. By the time the scanty congregation had slowly filed out of the churchyard, and the vicar had disappeared, Kitty began to feel excited, not to say nervous.

But she went toward the bridge all the same, and some one was certainly standing there with a little dog under his arm. As she approached the tiny creature yelped.

"I believe that I have the pleasure of addressing Miss K?" said a voice.

Kitty's heart leaped. She looked up to see Rupert Halliday standing hat in hand before her. He was wearing a gray tweed suit, a beautiful little Yorkshire terrier was huddled up contentedly inside his coat by this time, for the wind was cold.

"You, Rupert!" she gasped.

"I am so glad you came," he said quite naturally. "I was mortally afraid you wouldn't," and, taking her hand, he drew it quietly into his arm and they walked on.

"There is a seat under those trees. Shall we sit down and talk? I should like to tell you a little story if I may."

Kitty allowed herself to be led like a child.

"You are wondering, of course, what all this means. It is this: There was a girl who would never let me tell her that I loved her. She was the very dearest little girl in all the world, but as evasive as a rainbow, and never would let me find out her real feelings about anything. I knew she was quite different from the ordinary society doll, so at last I sent her my advertisement, hoping it would appeal to her. I said to myself that some instinct would make her answer it."

"But I never knew—how could I—that you would do such a thing. Oh! it was shameful," she cried, hotly. Her face was scarlet, and tears came into her eyes. Rupert bent down and looked into them.

"Was it?" he asked gently.

"Weigh the whole matter well in your mind before you answer. We might have gone on for months, years even, without ever getting to know each other as we do now. I was desperate, because I loved you and wanted you to be my wife. It was romantic—foolish, if you like—but I know you better from those letters than in all the time I had known you before. And so do you know me now, don't you, darling?"

Kitty looked up, and Halliday caught her hands and kissed her.

"The vicar of the church here is a friend of mine. He has promised to marry us, and I have got the license in my pocket. There is nothing to wait for."

"Marry you now, this minute? How could I, in bicycling dress? What would people think?"

"You and I are above conventionalities," he said, firmly. "Haven't we threshed the whole matter out between us? Do you think I haven't provided for all contingencies? Didn't I disguise my writing so that you never guessed that 'Sympathy' and Rupert Halliday were the same? I have a friend here who will help us and take care of little Fluffy. I will send messages to the countess and your friends. Announcements will be made in the papers. You can buy your trousseau in Paris. The crisis of your life has come, my darling, and I beg you not to draw back. Come."

Kitty went and they were married.

Curious Ants.

The large ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks or fire sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well beaten roads diverge out.

One day a naturalist was jumping over brook and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws will keep their hold.

Ants know their friends after they have been separated from them for a long time. An Englishman took half the ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put into its old home with a stranger. The ants in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He did the same thing once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

Perpetual Motion.

As the man with the small black case passed down the avenue he was hailed by an excited individual who was leaning from an upper story window.

"Come up here at once," shouted the chap above. "I want you to attend my wife."

"But, my dear sir," replied the man with the black case under his arm, "I am not a doctor. I go around fixing talking machines."

"Well, that is just why I called you. My wife has been talking continuously for five hours and I want to see if you can stop her."—Chicago News.

NEW POCKET IS PRETTY.

But It Is Fit for a Fairy Only, Too Small for any Use.

Through the sentimental conceit of a Paris modiste gentle woman has acquired that long-denied boon—a pocket. It is not large enough to induce her to dispense with the safety deposit hostelry habit. It refuses to submit to any such cramming as the resourceful cuff before the elbow sleeve put it out of business.

The new pocket, in fact, will not relieve woman of the keys she carries in her purse; the powder rag she used to tuck in her bodice before it outdined in the back and now lies ensconced in the discreet seclusion of hubby's left coat-tail; the tiny bottle of tablets to take when she feels "queer," which now reposes



MISS NEW YORK.

inside her belt at the end of her long chain; the shopping list she tucks in her glove, the fresh veil she carries in her parasol, the spotless neckwear that emerges from the armpole of her jacket; nor—but why continue the revelation?

The little pocket, built in the shape of a heart and placed exactly over the region where that erratic feminine organ is popularly supposed to be located, has room for only a square, two by two inches, of cambric, a wisp of lace and a large initial—my lady's mouchoir. This and her matinee tears may fit into that pocket; a sol would be a crwd. But let no one impugn the new pocket. It may not be much as yet, but at least it is not a black drapery secret, but a coat front reality.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

In cooking potatoes it is useful to recollect that, after the water has been strained off, the pot should have three or four sharp jerks, to toss the potatoes up and down and backward and forward.

This has the effect of making them white and mealy.

Tea leaves are invaluable as a means of cleaning varnished paint. When enough have been laid aside for the work, they should be put into a basin of water and left to steep for half an hour.

The strained tea is used instead of water to clean varnished surfaces. The tannic acid left in tea leaves, after all that is wholesome in them has been extracted, acts quickly upon grime and grease.

Put a few drops of ammonia into the water in which you mean to wash flower vases, especially if they are of the long-necked, spindling kind.

It is impossible to get your hand down to the bottom. After rinsing all the dirt the ammonia will bring up, put in chopped potato parings as you would in washing out glass bottles, and leave the parings in over night.

They will loosen the dirt effectually. Next day rinse with more ammonia water.

It is untidy to leave the sediment in the vase and it will tend to rot the stems of the next flowers placed in it, a thing of which few housewives think.

The "Dressing Up" Fad.

"Dressing up" is a highly popular stunt these days. Young girls are rummaging old trunks for costumes of their grandmothers, those of Quaker ladies, or any which may be available for slipping into when occasion offers. At a week end house party lately a young girl absented herself for a few minutes after dinner. When she reappeared it was as a dainty little lady of the seventeenth century. She was immensely admired. Almost immediately however, all the other young girls and boys of the house party wanted the girl hostess had indeed a strenuous time in supplying them with costumes. The young girl who started the fun had, of course, brought her costume along with her. Opportunities for dressing up occur very frequently, once the idea is started. There are family birthdays when the time is ripe, holidays, and especially when friends are visiting at the house. Some girls like to dress up as absurd characters, while others have made for the purpose really beautiful costumes.

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The biggest scales in the country are in the navy yard at Washington. They outweigh the largest railway scales by fifty tons. The latter are not to be sneezed at, for they easily weigh as much as a heavily loaded car. The navy yard scales are so accurate that they come within a pound of the exact weight. Railway scales are considered good if they come within fifty pounds. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine, which is some ten years old. The scales look like ordinary hay scales.

The delicate mechanism is invisible, the most intricate parts being in a broad pit below the ground. The platform is forty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide. Beneath the powerful machinery is a cement base laid upon long piles. A solid base being one of the prime requisites of a powerful weighing machine, it was found necessary to use a pile driver to secure a stable foundation.

The machine is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world, and is a splendid achievement of American ingenuity. In order to show the accuracy of the scales, an official picked up half a brick and tossed it upon the platform. He then consulted a long brass lever, and found that the brick weighed just one pound.

The capacity of the scales is one hundred and fifty tons. Two twelve-inch guns lying on a forty-eight-foot truck car can be weighed in the machine without taxing its capacity.

Defenders of Switzerland.

The report of the party who went from this country to study the military system of Switzerland will doubtless be unanimous on one point—that we have much to learn from the little republic. From the age of ten all boys go through a compulsory physical and gymnastic course until they are sixteen, and after this age for years they have to take up rifle shooting in addition to gymnastic training. Every Swiss from his twentieth to his forty-fourth year is liable to military training. Very useful work is accomplished in Switzerland by rifle clubs, which are encouraged by the State for the purpose of improving marksmanship. The population is under three and a half millions, yet there are 3,500 such associations, with over 200,000 members. On this basis we should have over 2,500,000 members of rifle clubs instead of only 60,000.

Some ingenious practical joker has decorated the signs about Wilkes-Barre on which warning is given to dog owners that their dogs will be shot unless properly muzzled. He has added the word "at" to the threat, making it read that "All dogs running at large on the public highways of the city, without being properly muzzled with a wire basket muzzle, will be shot at."

Pure Blood is a Defense.

It means safety. A person whose blood is in an impure and impoverished condition is in the greatest danger of catching any infectious or epidemic disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the mildest, safest and surest purifier of the blood, thus striking at the root of Kidney, Liver and Bladder disorders. \$1.00 at all druggists.

Blobs—"Run! Run! Here comes Youngpop." Stobbs—"What's the matter? Has his baby got measles?" Blobs—"Worse than that—it has commenced to talk."

When a boy turns his bulging pocket inside out we marvel at the quantity and variety of articles he has stowed away. Odd lengths of string, marbles, a horse-chestnut, a top, brass nails, hickory-nuts, an apple, and many more articles are garnered by this "snapper up of unconsidered trifles." We think the collection must be hard on a boy's pocket. And it is. But do we ever think of the variety and miscellany of the substances we put into the pocket of our stomach? There's the apple and the nuts, and things besides quite as indigestible as brass nails and with no more food value than so many marbles. And yet we wonder that the stomach "gives out." When the stomach breaks down under the strain of careless eating and irregular meals it can be perfectly and permanently restored to health and strength by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The action of this medicine on the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition is so marked, that relief from disease is at once experienced, and the headaches, liver "troubles," kidney disorders, skin eruptions and other symptoms of a diseased stomach are quickly cured. Dr. Pierce's medicines are purely vegetable—no alcohol or habit-forming drugs enter into their composition.

Nell—"Miss Antique says she doesn't believe in long engagements." Belle—"I shouldn't think she would, at her age."

DROF BY DROF the offensive discharge caused by Nasal Catarrh falls from the back of the nose into the throat, setting up an inflammation that is likely to mean Chronic Bronchitis. The most satisfactory remedy for Catarrh is Ely's Cream Balm, and the relief that follows even the first application cannot be told in words. Don't suffer a day longer from the discomfort of Nasal Catarrh. Cream Balm is sold by all druggists for 50 cents or mailed by Ely Bros., 75 Warren Street, New York.

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